

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.



Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturnus.

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The Engraver.

He graves the block with delicate outlines
Where light and shade will blend in beauty soon;
A winding range of hills, a sinking moon
Above dark ranks of military pines.
Cold as the North his blue eyes' silence shines,
But all his soul is swept away with June,
Where loud the battle-music beat in tune,
And marching columns crushed the Southern vines.
Again he wears the soldier's cap, again
Feels the swift passion leaping in his veins,
And hears the tread of thrice ten thousand men
Thunder in wrath by desolated plains.—
The door swings open, breaking through the spell—
"But in that vale," said he, "my Captain fell!"

MARION MUIR.

Salvator Rosa.

BY B. S.

Salvator Rosa was born in Renella, a small village in the environs of Naples, of poor but honest parents. His father was a master-mason who, having acquired some knowledge of Geometry, assumed the title of architect. This did not bring much wealth to the struggling family; however, Antonio Rosa was a laborious, active man, and he managed to support his six children comfortably and to provide for their education. His wife, Giulia Greca, belonged to a family of painters; she would willingly have brought up Salvator (who was her eldest son) to that calling, but Antonio prudently represented to her the small benefit which had accrued to her family from their artistic pursuits, and the very precarious livelihood which they earned. Salvator, who showed a quick intelligence and a wonderful memory, was sent to the College of the Somacchi, the Superior of which had benevolently offered to educate the boy, and, should he show signs of an ecclesiastical vocation, to help him to follow it. Salvator made rapid progress under the tuition of the good Fathers, and at the age of twelve knew by heart many passages of Virgil. But his delight was drawing, and the white walls of the garden were soon covered with charcoal sketches. Padre Cipriano and the older Superiors indulgently shut their eyes to his boyish at-

tempts; but Salvator, encouraged by their tacit approbation, soon began to embellish the convent walls in the same manner. This was too much for the procurator's patience. One fine day the walls of both convent and garden were newly whitened, and notices placarded in conspicuous places, threatening severe penalties on anyone who should henceforth venture to soil them with *daubings* of any description. Salvator, highly indignant at this proceeding, complained bitterly to Padre Cipriano, the good Superior; but the latter showed him that he had himself provoked those strict measures by encroaching on the toleration of the Father Procurator, who had a perfect right to act as he had done. The boy, silenced but resentful, revenged himself by caricatures of the Procurator and others who had in any way displeased him. This line of conduct made him many enemies, and at last obliged the Superior to write to his father to take him home. Salvator was then fifteen years of age.

On his return home the boy was placed in the office of a Notary. There he continued for some time studying law, but giving all his leisure moments to music, poetry and painting. Many of his romances became the fashion in Naples, and some of his sonnets and satires have come down to our own day. He would have given himself up entirely to his artistic pursuits were it not for the fear of displeasing his father; however, he privately took lessons in painting from his uncle Greco. His talents were too real not to soon show him the incapacity of this master, and he devoted himself to the study of Nature, spending all his holidays wandering along the sea-shore, or penetrating into the savage gorges of the Abruzzi. His sister about this time marrying a painter of considerable talent called Fracanzano (a pupil of the celebrated Ribera surnamed Lo Spagunoletto), Salvator at last obtained his father's consent to apply himself seriously to painting under the direction of his brother-in-law, and to give up the study of the law in which he evidently made no progress.

His talent now developed itself with extraordinary rapidity, and he often brought back sketches after two or three days' solitary rambles in the mountains which amazed Fracanzano. On one of these occasions he was taken prisoner by the brigands who then infested the wild mountain range of the Abruzzi. They at first suspected him of taking plans of their mountain fastness; but finding

he was only a poor artist, they released him on his executing a picture for his ransom. This episode in his life is said to be commemorated in the beautiful picture of a scene in the Abruzzi mountains now preserved in the Louvre, though he has substituted for the brigands two warriors who are resting on the rocky platform where he was formerly surprised by the robbers, while in the distance a hunter is taking aim at a passing bird.

His father died when Salvator was seventeen, and thenceforth the struggle for existence became a hard one. He was the only support of his family, and without friends or protectors, with his talents only half cultivated: what means of earning a livelihood were left to him? He toiled unremittingly, but saw his family reduced to the most absolute poverty notwithstanding his exertions. Unable to buy materials for his paintings, they were advanced to him at an exorbitant rate by the Jewish picture-dealers who were his only customers, and often when he finished a picture and joyfully brought the price to his mother, they would find after the indispensable household expenses had been paid that not enough was left to buy canvass and colors for another. His courage and filial devotion at this period of his life speak highly in favor of Salvator's disposition and family affection; but his mother saw that his efforts could not keep them from starvation, while his own career was completely frustrated by the heavy burden laid on his young shoulders. She therefore looked out for a situation, and at last obtained one as a servant in the house of a Neapolitan lord; her eldest daughter found employment in the same place; the third was taken into a convent (thanks to Ribera's intervention), and the two youngest sons were placed in an orphanage. Shortly after, Salvator's younger sister fell ill of privations and fatigue (for Fracanzano was not much better off than his wife's family), and the poor young woman literally died of inanition. Her death was deeply felt by the young brother whose entrance into life was so painfully shadowed; not yet nineteen years of age, he had become prematurely old in this weary struggle for daily bread, and his character received an impress of melancholy which ever after distinguished him.

Work was the only distraction which Salvator sought in his sorrows, but the sadness of his soul betrayed itself in the productions of his pencil, and gave them a tone of originality which attracted the attention of a certain Jacobo, one of the principal picture-dealers in Naples, and a most unprincipled usurer. It happened that a skilful painter called Laufranc, a pupil of the Carracchi, was called to Naples by the Jesuit Fathers, who entrusted him with the painting of the cupola of their new Church, the *Gesù Nuovo*. In his leisure moments the artist visited the city and inspected its treasures; one day he was attracted by some pictures of Salvator's exposed for sale by Jacobo; he entered, bought them at a good price, and warmly praised their talent, expressing, at the same time, a desire to know their author. Jacobo, with the infernal cunning of his class, replied that he was not per-

sonally acquainted with him, but that he had reason to think that the signature was an assumed name, intended to hide an amateur of good family who did not wish his real one known. Laufranc asked no more; Jacobo hastened to Rosa, and ordered several pictures at a miserable price which he then sold to Laufranc for a very high one. This lasted some time; but the jealousy of a *confrère* betrayed the secret to Laufranc, who at once hastened to make Salvator's acquaintance, and they became attached friends. By the aid of this new friend his pictures were sold at a better price, and the young painter began to amass a small sum destined to pay his expenses to Rome, where Laufranc strongly urged him to go. A fortunate chance offered: a pupil of Falcone's, whose drawings Salvator corrected, wished to continue his studies in Rome, and proposed to bring Rosa with him; the latter accepted with transports of joy, and they set out. Salvator had just completed his twentieth year at the epoch of this journey. With all the passionate enthusiasm of his nature, he devoted himself to studying the treasures of art and antiquity which the Eternal City contained; the days were too short for his ardor; he made no account of fatigue, but the excessive heat of summer brought on one of those dangerous Roman fevers, so often fatal to strangers; and although the native strength of his constitution saved his life, the doctor imperatively insisted on his leaving Rome as soon as his strength allowed. When his health was restored, he reappeared in his friend Falcone's *atelier*, and for the ensuing four years labored with unremitting assiduity; but Rome was ever before his eyes, and the little he had seen of it only made him long to return. By Laufranc's aid, he was attached to the household of Cardinal Brancaccio, a great patron of art and liberal protector of its votaries, and he thus returned to Rome a second time in 1638. His style and his talent were so original that it was impossible to confound his productions with those of any other painter, and his new stay in Rome was in every way advantageous to him.

Cardinal Brancaccio, having been appointed Bishop of Viterbo, commissioned Salvator to paint the episcopal palace there, and to execute a large picture for the cathedral of that city. This was our painter's first large painting. He chose a subject which would have frightened any other than himself—the moment in which St. Thomas places his hand in the Wounds of his Divine Master to assure himself of His identity and resurrection. Salvator triumphed over all difficulties, and this painting is considered a masterpiece of Christian art. Four years after he had left it, he again returned to Naples. Why he quitted Viterbo is not known. He found Laufranc obliged to fly by the intrigues of a triumvirate, formed of Ribera, Corenzio and Caraccioli, which ruled Naples, and banished all talents save those of its own party; Rosa left Naples in disgust, and returned to Rome which he found, from other causes, very unlikely to be the theatre of his worldly advancement. It was the year 1639, and seldom had that city of artists seen such a phalanx

of grand masters. The Caracci, Domenichino, Guido, Albani, Barbieri, Laufranc, Poussin, Vouet, Claude, Lorraine, Rubens, Van Dyke, and Berrettini, such were the rivals that awaited Salvator, a young man unknown and obscure. He saw at a glance that, under ordinary circumstances, he could never draw public attention on him, while such great men engrossed it, and he looked round for some means of attracting notoriety. The manners of the age offered him one for which his varied talents admirably fitted him, and he quickly availed himself of it.

It is well known that the carnival in Rome, and in all the great Italian cities, was a time when the greatest liberties were allowed, and the most splendid festivals given to please the populace, and afford the wealthy an opportunity of displaying their munificence. Custom authorized what would now seem simply insupportable; maskers went about satirizing and ridiculing every one that passed by, displaying their wit for the moment at the expense of any butt they chose. Salvator, disguised as a seller of antidotes, secured a mask representing Coviello (a well-known theatrical character), and under the name of La Formica (the ant) he traversed the streets and squares of Rome distributing remedies for every ailment. The disorders of the soul he declared to be his special province; and offered elixirs and philters of various kinds for the cure of avarice, envy, bad faith, cowardice, etc. These remedies were accompanied by lessons of the most austere morality, and biting sarcasms against famous personages afflicted with the ills he affected to cure. The idea was novel and attractive; thousands flocked to consult La Formica and laugh at his sallies, and in a short time, Salvator had acquired a celebrity which his genius had never procured for him.

Emboldened by success, he assembled a number of young men and opened a theatre in a villa near the Porta del Popolo, where he represented the same character in comedies written by himself. La Formica became the fashion of the day, and all the celebrities of Rome crowded to his theatre; he made numerous enemies, but knew how to have the laugh always on his side, and his popularity daily increased. From this period we may date the fortune of Salvator Rosa: the real merit of his paintings was recognized; they sold at a high price, and he was enabled to open his house to his friends and take a position in society suitable to his talents.

Uniting in himself such varied gifts (he was at once painter, poet, musician, and actor), the poor artist of Renella soon saw himself the possessor of an opulent fortune; for his industry never flagged, and he supplied an amazing number of pictures to the eager amateurs who now disputed his productions almost for their weight in gold.

He spent his money as freely as he earned it, and returned to Naples to act the part of a great lord where he had once been a starving artist. While Salvator was in Naples the famous insurrection of Masaniello broke out. His old friend Falcone, thinking the moment had at length arrived to shake off the Spanish yoke, formed the Nea-

politan artists into an association called the *Company of Death*, to revenge the murder of a relative by a Spanish soldier. This company took a leading part in the insurrection, and Salvator—who had enlisted in it as a volunteer—took advantage of the circumstance to paint Masaniello in the simple but picturesque costume of the fishers of Amalfi governing Naples. This picture has immortalized the features of Masaniello, and still survives. The insurrection was suppressed, and Rosa found himself gravely compromised; Falcone fled to France, and his friend returned to Rome; for the approach of Don John of Austria dispersed all who had reason to dread the vengeance of the Spaniards.

After his return to Rome, Salvator produced many of his most famous works. That of Fortune blindly lavishing her favors, made him so many enemies that it required all the exertions of his most powerful protectors to save him from imprisonment. Weary of these annoyances, he went to Florence, where he was received with open arms by the Grand Duke Fernando di Medici, to whom he was recommended by his brother, the Cardinal Carlo di Medici.

In this brilliant court he spent ten years, surrounded by admiring friends, and exercising indefatigably his varied gifts of song and pencil. He published several satires and poems, took part in the decoration of the Pitti palace, and produced many masterpieces, nearly all of which are now in different museums.

After ten years' sojourn in Florence, Salvator returned to Rome. His enemies were dead, or unable to injure him; and he remained there until his death, only once leaving it to visit Tuscany, when Cosmo di Medici (the heir of the Grand Duke Fernando II) was married to Margaret of Orleans, in 1661. Ferdinand II, at whose invitation he had gone to Florence, tried by the most liberal promises to retain him at his court; but Salvator loved Rome and his liberty; he returned, therefore, to the Eternal City, where he remained until his death, in 1673.

When Salvator returned to Rome after his ten years' stay in Florence, some envious tongues having ventured to attack his reputation as a painter, he exhibited three pictures which effectually silenced his detractors and raised his reputation to the highest degree. The first was "Catalina"; the second an altar-piece for the Basilica of St. Peter; the third (which was ordered by Innocent X as a present for Louis XIV of France) represents a battle, and is considered his best in that description of painting. It is now in the Louvre. He then painted, in rapid succession, "The Shade of Pythagoras"; "Cataline Demanding the Oath from the Conspirators"; "Two Martyrs at the Stake," and a great number of others; their very names would far exceed the limits of this sketch. His last and best work was "The Witch of Endor Evoking the Shade of Samuel at Saul's Request." This beautiful picture was the last production of his genius; although he survived several years he did not paint any more. His faculties—both mental and physical—seemed to be attacked by a pre-

mature decay; his eyesight grew so weak that all labor fatigued him. He at last fell seriously ill, and expired on the 15th of March, 1673, at the age of 58 years. His remains were deposited in the Carthusian Abbey, erected on the ruins of Diocletian's baths in Rome.

The talent of Salvator Rosa was unique in its kind; he left no imitators. A torrent flowing over some rocks, an arid plain with one or two stunted trees, a frowning range of hills, a warrior lying on the desert sand, with such materials he produced the most powerful effects. He has been accused of avarice, but, we think, unjustly; his biographers are divided in opinion, yet the proofs brought by those who charge him with this defect are very vague and unsatisfactory. Of his relations with his family, after their sad separation at Naples, we know absolutely nothing; yet we can hardly doubt that so affectionate a son and brother as he then appeared in adversity was equally so in prosperity.

To a Friend.

When seas in mountains high shall roll
Between you, friend, and me,
Your kindly face I'll ne'er forget,
Whate'er my destiny:
Though fortune's frown may blast my hopes,
And load my life with care,
I'll e'er remember you, my friend,
While breathing mundane air.

When youthful Spring returns again
Expelling Winter's gloom,
And plants, and lovely vernal flowers
Awaken from the tomb;
When under beauteous, cloudless skies
Of bright ethereal blue,
And breathing Spring's enliv'ning breeze,
I will remember you.

When Summer mantles o'er the plain
With sweetly-breathing flowers
That fill the air with fragrance pure
In genial ev'ning hours;
And when the stars of night appear
To brighten up the dew,
And sparkle like as many gems,
I will remember you.

When Winter stern stalks o'er the plain
With awful, gloomy mien,
And eager blasts, both fierce and wild,
So biting, bitter, keen,
Bring death to all the fragrant flowers
Of ev'ry varied hue,
Yes, then, dear friend, believe my word,
I will remember you.

J. McC.

An artist painted a cannon so naturally that when he was finishing the touch-hole it went off—at a very good price.

The French Revolution.

T. E. STEELE, '84.

IV.

THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY (1789-1792).

But the people, and with them the National Guard, will not allow the "Insurrection of the Women" to come to nothing. So from all the great multitude arises a cry: *Le Roi à Paris!*—"The king to Paris!" Accordingly, escorted by a number of Guards and all-encompassed by the people, the royal family leave Versailles. Welcomed by Mayor Bailly and deafened by *vivats* they are conducted to the Tuileries, handsomely garnished to receive them. Here, then, they abode almost continuously for eighteen months, the prisoners of France.

Meanwhile, the real Governors of France are busy night and day. Bailly and Lafayette feeding and quieting Paris; Bouille and Demouriez disciplining the provinces; Mirabeau, Sieyes, D'Espremeuil, Barnave, Robespierre and the rest still at work, *making a Constitution*. Be not impatient, O reader, the Constitution was some two years *a-making*; and once made—like many another piece of paper,—soon blown away! But to sanguine France it represented the supremest good: called for by eighty-three "departments" (no longer *provinces*), and by the two new powers of journals and clubs.

But in the meantime the Government must live, bankruptcy be averted. Accordingly, in November, 1789, the National Assembly declare that among other feudal usurpations were included the possessions of the clergy, which are forthwith decreed to be *at the disposal of the State*; and a kind of National mortgage, in the shape of *bonds*, forthwith issued upon them. Accordingly, in many provinces the clergy felt themselves forced into politics; and they were even accused of using the glory of the Easter ceremonies, to excite the people against the State. Many of the provinces called a "halt" to their deputies, and it began to be asked whether the power of the Assembly did not end with the ensuing April. Again, all-gifted Mirabeau ascended the tribune, and declaring that their original powers, by the free consent of the Nation, were entirely changed; and that necessity had overriden mere legality, exclaimed: "I swear that you have saved France!" Again, too, was he triumphant; for, undisturbed by any legal qualms, the assembly did not adjourn till September, '92. Meanwhile, they were settling some important questions; among others, abolishing all titles of nobility, and giving the *right of declaring war* to the king. This last provision was solely due to the genius and courage of Mirabeau, who not only secured its passage against the violent opposition of the people, but even advanced himself from the shadow of the scaffold to his old dominion over the hearts of France.

But now, in the summer of 1790, great multitudes are surging from the provinces to Paris.

For, lo! a year has quickly flitted by since the taking of Bastille; let us then celebrate the glorious anniversary, joining all Frenchmen in an eternal brotherhood. For this purpose is set apart the *Champ de Mars*, and work-men fall busily into line. Meanwhile all Paris is alive with joy—once more there is talk of a golden age! From all the eighty-three departments come patriotic delegations yearning to take the oath of brotherhood. Nay, more, a number of foreigners, through their leader, the Prussian Cloatz, demand the privilege, as brother-men, of taking part in the ceremony of Federation. Permission somewhat grandiloquently given;—a shrewd suspicion in skeptical minds meanwhile prevailing, that the representatives of *all nations* were, for the most part, born in Paris; among them, however, might be found Tom Paine and Paul Jones—men not without honor in American History.

But, behold, it is now the first of July, and the *Champ de Mars* all unprepared for the Federation. For suddenly, one bright morning, the fifteen thousand men employed by the State lay down their tools and refuse to work. But what avails spite against brotherly love? Thirty, and sixty thousand volunteers assemble, awaiting their turn at shovel and spade. Priests and nobles alike must take a part in the glorious work; and even fair, high-born maidens gladly lend their labor to the cause. And now the day has dawned ("with a wet wind blowing") that is to see the *Federation of Man-kind*; and king and people speed together to the *Champ de Mars*. Here in a great amphitheatre, in whose centre stands the *Allar de Patrie*, surrounded by two hundred priests, Mass is to be offered, flags to be blessed, and the Federation of freemen accomplished. But, alas! the elements refuse to make the scene (otherwise "a model of the Thespian art") either hopeful or sublime.

"Then fell thick rain, plume droopt and mantle clung,
And pettish cries awoke, and the wan day
Went glooming down in wet and weariness."

And yet that wonderful people who were assembled there, in the main, waited patiently through the storm, and even became enthusiastic over what of grandeur had yet remained. The ceremonies are hurried through, banners blessed, and the great oath taken by king and people. But happily before the day has ended the sun has broken through the clouds, shedding illusive brightness o'er the scene.

And now succeed five days of general joy—patriotism dancing and feasting, still talking much (in triumph rather than in prophecy) of a golden age! And this is known in history as the Feast of Pikes. A year before we saw the taking of Bastille; a year earlier, the great hail-storm of '88.

But let us hurry on. A few days later we come upon the general mutiny in the French Army. The officers were mainly aristocrats, the soldiers all sansculottic patriots; the result, too patent to all—petty annoyances, hate, distrust! Still worse; the high-born officers, to satisfy their own loftier needs, did occasionally, and in large quantities, embezzle the miserable wages of the army. "Aristocrats and Arrears," these were the great griev-

ances of the French Army. But as it happened, the many regiments under Bouille were stationed near the Austrian line; Metz was the centre-city of the emigrants, and it was to them and Bouille that patriotism feared royalty would one day fly. But Bouille it is now who by eloquence and force would quiet the soldiers of France; and succeeding, at first, none too well at the task. To assist him by promises of money, comes from the Assembly to the Army, Inspector Malseigne, who appears for a moment and leaves (sayeth history) very rapidly. And now the town of Nanci is possessed by the rebels, and the danger to France has grown terrible. Hither, then, comes Bouille, with inferior forces, but unshaken pluck; finds the city seemingly well defended, but, step by step, advances on the foe; finds the city in indescribable confusion—terror-struck, red with fire and blood! gains now an easy victory, marches away the insurgents—now contrite for rebellion,—and bids fair to become the saviour of France.

So, indeed, think Assembly and king, who thank him warmly and give him irresponsible power. But Necker soon resigns; a new Minister of War succeeds with the new cabinet, and his power, though still great, is sadly diminished. He is no longer allowed to frequently change soldiers, to avoid fraternization with the people. Alas! even brave Bouille is not above suspicion in patriotic France!

But, indeed, why should he be? the nation was ague-sick with hope deferred; and now comes a definite cause of terrible sorrow. For (March 1791), throughout Paris flits the sad word that Mirabeau is dying. The great, Titian-like giant of eloquence who alone could ever hope to guide the storm of revolution; he who knew no fear and never hesitated in his strength of conscious power to brave the fury of the people; but ever still their truest friend—Mirabeau was dying! All Paris waits upon his varying breath; the king sending a dozen times daily from the Tulleries. But his death-stroke was upon him, and none knew it better than himself. In January he had said to Dumont: "I am dying, my friend; dying as by slow fire; we shall, perhaps, not meet again. When I am gone they will know what the value of me was. The miseries I have held back will burst from all sides on France."* And now, on the 27th of March, "*the overwearied giant has fallen down to die.*" The great heathen, conscious to the last, and never forgetful that he was the centre in that scene of the world-drama, was never unworthy of himself. "My friend," said he to Cabanis, "I shall die to-day; envelop me with perfumes; crown me with flowers and surround me with music so that I may deliver myself up peaceably to sleep."† A moment after he expired. He had become entangled with all parties, even having received large sums from the court; there is no doubt, however, that he had some consistent plan for reorganizing France, and that he

* Dumont, quoted by Carlyle.

† Thiers.

possessed the power alone and unaided to give any wise theory of his own accomplishment.

But we have gone on too rapidly. Some months before, while Mirabeau was still alive, had not the Assembly made radical changes with regard to the appointment and power of the clergy? This, in turn, France saw followed by the demand that the clergy now should take an oath of allegiance to the constitution. The demand slighted, a decree is passed compelling every clergyman to take the oath; and after parleying with Pope and king, and finally modifying the oath, the Assembly decreed that a bishop or curé refusing to take it, should be deprived of all government position or support. At once the greatest excitement prevailed; many of the clergy refused to take the oath, and were warmly supported by all hostile to the State. Still many bishops and some curates gave their adhesion to the Government; the places of the non-conformists being in some sort filled. Full liberty of priestly function was granted to the latter, and even protection against the people furnished them; but the Government, not inconsistently, refused to give them moral or material support.

Next in this sketchy history of ours should be mentioned the flight of the royal family from Paris to Varennes. In all the history of man, were so many blunders committed as in that famous flight? The details are familiar to us all: the ridiculous loss of time in building an outlandish coach; in stealing the queen's *necessaire*; in having plenty of new dresses provided for her and the children; in fixing on Varennes instead of on Metz; in insisting on soldiers (ever-suspicious to the people) being scattered along the route; where, one may ask, does the list of blunders end? And yet had they started on the appointed day, what danger? If the queen had not lost her way crouching at one time under a gateway that Lafayette might not know her, what danger, then? Or even, after all other incomparable blunders, if poor Louis had not stuck his head out of the coach-window. Alas! all those mistakes are engraven in the plaster-paris of time! And forgetting what might have been, we can only see a king running away from his people; by his own excessive stupidity and cowardice re-captured and brought back like a truant boy, to Paris—back to Paris where they are sorry he was taken, where he is king no longer. Linger yet on, hapless Louis, a prisoner in the Tuileries; a few days hence thou shalt go to the temple, and from there to—death! The royal flight took place in July, 1792; on the 13th of the following September, the Constituent Assembly adjourned without day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A close observer tells us that when you see a man operating with a needle and thread on a trouser button, you can easily tell whether he is single or married. If he uses a thimble he is married, but if he pushes the end of the needle against the wall, and pulls it through the button with his teeth, you may safely bet that he is single.—*Ex.*

Art, Music, and Literature.

—Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman has prepared for the next *Century* a short paper on Keats, to accompany the portrait of the poet.

—Miss Mary Anderson completed, on November 25th, her eighth year of theatrical life. When she leaves London she will pay a visit to Rome.

—Pollock's romance of "Peter Wilkins," beloved of Lamb and Leigh Hunt, is to be reprinted in London from the first edition of 1751. The old plates will be reproduced.

—On being visited at Kensington Palace a few weeks ago, the Marquis of Lorne was found busily engaged preparing a course of lectures on Canada, which he will deliver during the winter.

—Sig. Salvini has written his "Impressions of Shakspeare's 'Lear'" for the February *Century*. It is said that the paper contains also many striking general observations on the dramatic art.

—Italian authors living in Rome recently took steps to raise a monument to the great librarian, Mezzofanti, in the Church of San Onofrio, where he lies buried. A committee was appointed to initiate the work.

—The old house selected by Dickens as the scene of many of the incidents in his "Old Curiosity-Shop," is about to be torn down in consequence of its dangerous condition. The place has of late years been the scene of a traffic in waste paper, the adjoining houses being let out in tenements.

—Mr. Labouchère, noting that Tennyson has been for the last thirty-nine years in receipt of a yearly pension of \$1,000 from the Civil List Service Fund, says: "I presume he will now relinquish this annuity from the taxpayers, as if he can afford to accept a Peerage, he cannot possibly be in need of a grant from the public funds."

—Thackeray, Mr. Yates says, was upon occasion heard to speak in the highest terms of Richard Doyle's conception of Col. Newcome; but he was never satisfied with the artist's sketches of the proud and pretty Ethel. "Doyle cannot draw a woman," he used to say; and those whose taste and imagination Doyle's slim, wooden, expressionless girl has always offended will agree with the author.

—Scribner & Welford, the New York publishers, have issued a catalogue of musical literature which contains a seemingly complete list of standard and miscellaneous works in the English language on music. The list is ridiculously small in comparison with the German catalogues of musical publication, but it presents really a very creditable showing considering the great youth or scientific musical study in this country.

—Charles O'Connor is said to have endured half an hour or so of indiscriminating praise of John Howard Payne. The dreary dissertation led up to a particularly painful recitation of "Home, Sweet Home," with interjected comments and ejaculations of praise. "Don't you think that is a

masterpiece?" the elocutionist inquired, quite rapturously.—"I do not," was the blunt reply; "it is doggerel, and you would know it if you had any judgment at all about poetry." There is nothing more nonsensical in the whole history of literature, the venerable lawyer is represented as saying, than the fame given to Payne for those rhymes. "There isn't a thought in them worth preserving beyond the old and world-wide one of the sweetness of home. There isn't any excellence of language or structure. The piece, as a whole, is on a par with the sentimental songs of the negro minstrels. The tune is all that has kept the words from oblivion, and that was an old Sicilian air, stolen by Payne. Unrewarded genius! Payne hadn't any; and if he was able to make a fair living, as he did, out of his commonplace writings, he got all the reward that he deserved."—*Ex.*

College Gossip.

—Mgr. Manucy, the newly-appointed Bishop of Mobile, was educated at Springhill College in that city.

—Drake University, at Des Moines, has received a donation of five hundred volumes from Judge Wright.

—Three hundred and fifty colleges in the United States have no publications of any kind.—*Herald-Crimson.*

—Monsignor de la Farge, an African Bishop, administered ordination last month in the Irish College at Paris.

—His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of New York was the first President of St. John's College, New York.

—While in Rome, Archbishop Corrigan presented the Pope with an address and \$1,000 from the students of Manhattan College.

—We learn from our exchanges that at the last Commencement of the University of Tokio, Japan, a class of sixty-seven received their degrees.

—In the various branches of Villa Maria Convent, Montreal, there are 800 nuns who instruct 19,000 pupils, 15,000 of whom receive their education gratuitously.

—The first year of Harvard's Veterinary School opened with nine students. Nine times better than Chinese at Harvard, and than Sanscrit and Hebrew at most of the colleges that have the name of the latter studies.

—Mr. Lewis M. Rutherford, a trustee of Columbia, has just given his astronomical instruments to the observatory of that institution. They are valued at \$12,000, and consist of a 13-inch equatorial refracting telescope, with other valuable apparatus.—*Princetonian.*

—Mr. De Pauw gives out that there are to be eight more buildings for the university at Greencastle erected at once—a law college, a medical college, a theological college, an observatory, two

dormitories, a college building for the alumni, library, faculty, and trustees, and one other building, the object of which is not stated.

—A committee of professors from some of the leading colleges in the East where inter-collegiate athletic games are common, assembled lately in New York to take the matter of athletic sports into consideration. It is probable that restrictions will in future be more or less imposed on athletic sports at the colleges represented.

—A Roman Catholic journal announces that the doctrines of evolution were advocated by no less a personage than St. Thomas Aquinas, and that the "infernal Protestant Reformation," which has retarded the progress of the human intellect so long, is the grand obstacle which has prevented its general adoption long ago.—*Wesleyan Bee.*

Will the *Bee* be a little more explicit and name the journal in which all this appeared?

—The U. of Pa. has challenged the American colleges to an eight-oared-shell race, for the Inter-Collegiate championship of America. If this is not accepted within sixty days, she says that she will consider herself champion. The *Times* wisely suggests that it might be worth her while to include the English universities, and thus become champion of both England and America.—*Princetonian.*

—SCENE AT A BALL GROUND:—A ball was knocked sideways and caught on a fly. "Foul and out!" was the cry of the umpire. A charming high-school girl, looking at the game, ejaculates, "Ah, really, how can it be foul? I don't see any feathers!" And she turned to her attendant with an inquiring look. "Well, oh! Yes, you see, the reason you don't see any feathers is because it belongs to the *picked nine*."—*Ex.*

—An exchange is responsible for the statement that President Robinson of Brown University is against admitting ladies to that institution, because they can get a better education at Vassar.—*University Press.*

President Robinson is undoubtedly right. Vassar is far preferable for women, and outside of special study for the professions is undoubtedly better than a male college. There is not in the State of Indiana a male college that can approach St. Mary's Academy in the general education of women. If a young woman would study law or medicine, however, she needs a course in a school special to those professions.

—At the recent Yale banquet in Chicago, Prof. Wheeler said he classed himself as one of the most unfortunate men on earth—a teacher. In conclusion, he gave some interesting statistics about the college. His own ambition for Yale was that the scientists should not crowd out the classics, nor the classics crowd out the scientists, but that young men attending the college should be given a free choice of courses. He thought that in the last ten years the moral improvement of the students had been great. Twenty-five years ago the average Yale student was a long-haired individual, wrapped in a blanket-shawl. To-day he looked like a gentleman, whether he acted like one or not. This change, he believed, was due to athletics.—*Herald-Crimson.*

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, January 26, 1884.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the SEVENTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—The course in History at Notre Dame is perhaps about as complete and thorough as it could well be made. Extending over a period of three years, the curriculum embraces readings, recitations and lectures on all the branches of History, Sacred, Ancient, Modern, English and American, concluding with the special study of the philosophy of History. A grand gold medal is given each year to the most successful in the competitions upon some given subject. This year the subject chosen is "Education in the Middle Ages"—one which will call forth, we have reason to believe, a great amount of industry and talent.

—The Indiana boys should read the sketch of the Diocese of Vincennes, from the gifted pen of Dr. John Gilmary Shea, in this week's number of the *New York Freeman's Journal*. In an editorial comment on this article, the *Journal* says:

"The contribution of Dr. John Gilmary Shea that we give this week is but a quiet ripple of a flood of gathered learning of the Catholic Church in the United States, that this big-hearted gentleman has gathered,—that no man after him can ever put in shape; that needs for completion, travel to Rome, for completing documents buried in the archives of the Propaganda, and that no living man but Dr. John Gilmary Shea knows how to search for and to find.

Documents, also, affecting our Catholic history, and also the real history of these States,—that needs hunting records in other places."

—"Order is Heaven's first law;" so wrote Alexander Pope. But to maintain order upon earth is a task surrounded by difficulties. To be perfectly orderly in all our doings requires a certain amount of self-control. There is a spirit of independence born with us, which inclines us to reject everything in the way of restraint, whether coming from without or within; whether imposed on us by circumstances or even dictated by our own reason. Yet we cannot but know that order and regularity are of the very greatest importance for us; that comparatively little in the way of a real education will be acquired by a youth who does not impose upon himself some rules of order and regularity, or who has not such rules imposed upon him by others. And in the great life of the world for which we are preparing, we know that without habits of order and regularity we are likely to become failures. The well-known incident related of Washington and his secretary will bear repetition. The secretary came late one day, and, taking out his watch, showed the General that it was half an hour slow: "Very well," answered Washington; "but in future you must either get a new watch, or I must employ a new secretary." Not every employer is like Washington, but there are few that do not expect of their employees order, regularity, punctuality. These qualities, like all other virtues, must be cultivated during our school and college days.

Some students are possessed of such good sense that they see and feel the necessity of order, and their will is strong enough to enable them to make the self-sacrifice required to follow the dictates of their reason. As to these, we need only encourage them to keep on in their course, because it is a wise one. There are others that see the need of order, but have not the strength of will necessary to resist the temptation to be careless and disorderly. Being weak, they have need of help from others. Now, in college life they are surrounded on all sides by such helps. Not to speak of the examples of their companions, classes are called at regular hours, and professors require that lessons shall be properly prepared; the time for rising and retiring, for study, meals, and recreations comes around in regular rotation, and there are prefects to see that students do not fail in any of those duties; and, moreover, there is a sanction attached to the manner in which they are complied with. College life may seem to us to be full of hardships, but these very hardships are calculated to confirm us in habits of order and industry, the value of which cannot be too strongly insisted upon.

There is, or at least we can imagine, a third class of students who, listening only to their natural desire of enjoying an easy life, do not see the necessity of order, and would be disposed to kick against it if they were made to see it. Let such young men, if there are any amongst us, sit down for half an hour and study the costs, or talk the

matter over with a sensible friend. Can they really enjoy that easy life which is their ambition? Coming into frequent conflict with college rules, the consequences are often unpleasant; in fact, they expend as much ingenuity in striving to avoid those consequences as would have enabled them to perform the neglected duty, and they forfeit as many pleasures or more by violating the rules than they enjoy in such violation. What is still worse, they are forming habits of irregularity and idleness which it will be hard for them to correct in after life, and which they must correct unless their life is to be a failure.

Do not the foregoing remarks of themselves suggest to us a good resolution to make at the opening of a new session of the scholastic year?

Exchanges.

—The editors of *The Portfolio* have gotten out a splendid holiday number—or, to be more explicit, a Christmas number—for besides the article on “Christmas,” which we have not time to read, there is a joyous Christmas ring throughout the contents of the paper. The “Correspondence” from London, however, we did read, and were well repaid for the time spent upon it. “Adea” writes an interesting letter; she gives an amusing description of the great International Fisheries Exhibition, with, incidentally, a good anecdote of the new musical instrument, the “Tub-Organ,” known in Canada as “Toboggan.” “S.’s” “St. Cecilia” and “F.’s” thoughts on “The Beautiful Snow”—especially the description of nature’s exquisite crystallization, which surpasses the finest work of art—are very good. The Exchange-Editor’s advice to the *Varsity* is worthy of that paper’s consideration; and her generous offer to our neighbor over the border, *St. Viateur’s College Journal*, has no doubt convinced the Exchange-Editor of that paper that he made a mistake in alluding as he did to the “To-Lets.” We don’t like to pun upon the word, though upon our honor we are greatly tempted to do so.

—“Jane” in *The Sunbeam*, gives us a very graphic, though very brief, description of the death of ’83, and his ante-mortem moments. Poor old fellow, it was high time he should go, but from the description we learn that he was loth to depart. “The strength is almost gone from his bloodless hands, but he grasps his time-worn staff as though he fain would, with it, ward off Death.” We admire the spirit of the Exchange Editor. She says truly that “men or cowards are readily detected through their writings.” We almost envy *The Niagara Index* and *The Varsity* the high opinion entertained of them by *Sunbeam’s* Exchange Editor. Her friendship seems to be worth having, the more so as it is constant and firm. The knight who wears her pennon must forsooth have earned his spurs. (We imagine hearing the croakers in the puddle say ‘That is medieval.’) The following is pointed, and shows grit of the right sort:

“One or two of our worthy friends object to our pub-

lishing one portion of a poem one year and the remainder the next. Numbers do not like our list of advertisements. Several do not wish us to publish our exchange list. We may as well say, first as last, that we shall probably edit our paper as seems best to us. We do not feel called upon to cater to the caprices of all who may consider themselves critics. Friendly criticism and sarcastic (?) fault-finding are two widely different things. The former is always received in the same kind spirit with which it is sent, but the latter treated with the contempt due it.”

—We read with no little interest the article in the “Editor’s Table” of *The Princetonian*, little dreaming that before it ended the SCHOLASTIC and the students of Notre Dame would be specially called upon to figure in the comparison between the Eastern and Western colleges. The article shows some thought as well as care in the writing; but while allowing breadth of judgment, we claim that the conclusions are not always logical. The writer may be correct in stating that “no one needs any better means for reading the character of men from the different colleges than a mere scanning of the week’s exchanges,” for everyone’s writing contains more or less the impress of his character, but he misjudges us in stating that we are more cramped in our studies, or in our choice of studies, than in the general run of Eastern colleges. Cramping in discipline we admit; but not in study. Nor are we afraid to speak as we feel; even though we be occasionally taken to task for our utterances it is not in a manner to deter us from a reasonable freedom in writing. There is no “fear of passing beyond the bounds, and uttering some sentiment which, really, we feel we dare not express.” In matters of discipline, and sometimes in study, we have our grievances, but these are oftener personal than general, and the officers of the college and the members of the Faculty can always be seen personally. Hence there is no need of ventilating such matters in the college paper. We are certainly hard worked; perhaps with less study we should have more grievances, or feel more keenly those we have. In very large colleges like Harvard, Columbia, and the University of Michigan, *The Princetonian’s* theory of self-government would no doubt be a good thing, but in smaller colleges the soundness of the theory can hardly be admitted. In both it no doubt depends in a great measure on those at the head of the college, and the extent to which the students’ welfare and comfort are consulted. If we were compelled to attend service in a cold chapel every morning, while the Faculty were snug in bed, we certainly would not be as quiet and mobile as under different circumstances, but while the Faculty submit to similar and even greater disadvantages than our own we can hardly find it in our heart to find fault with them. So far as college newspapers and news is concerned, we readily concede that *The Princetonian’s* comparison between the Harvard *Herald-Crimson* and the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC is against us—we are not conceited enough to imagine it would be otherwise—but how many of the Eastern college papers will stand a comparison with the *Herald-Crimson*? Very few, if there be one.

—The *Heidelberg Monthly*, in summarizing an oration entitled "Persecution by Popery," recently delivered before one of the literary societies of the college by one V. S. Reiter, puts it as follows:

There has existed among the unrighteous of all ages a disposition to persecute. This can be seen in the histories of all the different nations and sects of the past. Toleration is of comparatively recent date, and is the benign result of the infusion of correct principles in the minds and hearts of men. *Popery has ever claimed the right to exterminate heretics, so that Persecution and Popery seem inseparable.* The Inquisition but one of the many foul blots on the pages of its history. It has fostered ignorance by restraining the circulation of the Bible. Ever opposed liberty and free thought. Popery the same now as of old.

Our contemporaries sometimes blame us for meddling with religious matters, but such libels on history as the foregoing statements, coming from a college and published in a college paper, are enough to make a man's blood boil with indignation. Such stale calumnies are by no means uncommon, either; we see them almost every week, in college papers, and yet we are blamed when we occasionally *nail the falsehoods*. In every one of his assertions Reiter is wrong. We take them in detail:

I. "Popery has ever claimed the right to exterminate heretics,"—a blundering falsehood, for which even a shadow of proof cannot be found.

II. "Persecution and Popery seem inseparable,"—falsehood No. 2, the facts being directly contrary to the statement. Even in Rome itself the Jews were protected when Luther was persecuting them to the death in Germany, and they were treated with aversion elsewhere; to still further secure them from insult, a special quarter of the city, the Ghetto, was given them.

III. "The Inquisition but one of the many foul blots on the pages of its history." As lately shown in the *SCHOLASTIC*, and especially in the able Lecture of Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, the Inquisition got into the pages of "Popish" history in the same way that Luther's Deformation did—by the back door, and as a burglar would. The Popes were always *against* the Inquisition, as there proved.

IV. "It has fostered ignorance by restraining the circulation of the Bible,"—Falsehood No. 4,—now on its last legs, if the use of the homely phrase be permitted. It is an undeniable fact that although the press was in operation only half a century, thirty editions of the Bible had been printed in Germany alone before Luther's appeared, and in both High Dutch and Low Dutch. Furthermore, that before Luther's corrupt version it had been translated into all the principal languages of Europe—English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Bohemian and Polish. Sir Thomas More has left it on record that "the hole Byble was, long before his [Wickliffe's] days, by vertuous and wel learned men, translated into the English tong, and by good and godly people, with devotion and soberness, wel and reverently red." To *talk* of restraint is easy, but if the publishers had not found purchasers they would surely have stopped translating and printing. From the foregoing statement it can readily be seen that the story of the Bible being

an "unknown book" previous to Luther's time, as D'Aubigne coolly asserts, and as we hear reiterated daily, is a falsehood cut out of the whole cloth.

V. "Ever opposed to liberty and free thought." In a country like ours, which owes its civil and religious liberty mainly to Catholic arms, Catholic statesmen, and Catholic money, the assertion of the Heidelberg College orator is most unaccountable. Even in colonial times religious liberty was allowed only in Catholic Maryland—to the Puritan, the Episcopalian and the Quaker, as well as to the Catholic. What kind of "history" do they read at Heidelberg College, we wonder?

VI. "Popery the same now as of old." Yes; "Popery" is one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three years in existence; it is now essentially the same as it was of old, and must continue so. It is no man-made religion and cannot be changed by men. Christ, the Founder of the Church, positively asserted this, and His word cannot fail.

Personal.

—Francis O'Reilly (Com'l), of '67, is in business at Reading, Pa.

—C. W. Walker, of '75, is practising law, and does thriftily, at Fort Wayne.

—W. Bartlett (Com'l), of '80, is the chief of abstract office at Marshall, Ill.

—H. B. Dulaney (Com'l), of '81, is conducting a large mercantile establishment in Marshall, Ill.

—Rev. J. M. Rogers, C. S. C., '74, is Vice-President and Prefect of Studies in St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Frank B. Phillips, of '79, is prominently connected with the Brass Foundry and Machine Works in Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

—Mr. Menamin, son of R. S. Menamin of *The Printers' Circular*, Philadelphia, and now with Shncidewend & Lee, Chicago, called at our sanctum this week.

—James Norfleet, of '80, at present a leading lawyer in Tarboro, N. C., was a welcome visitor during the week. He came to enter his brother as a student.

—Rev. President Walsh will lecture to-morrow evening in St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society.

—The acquaintances of Mr. W. L. Dewey, of the Cottrell Printing Press Company, New York and Chicago, were glad to see him at Notre Dame, and in excellent health and spirits.

—W. P. Breen, '77, is one of the most prominent lawyers and leading citizens of Fort Wayne, Ind. His many friends here are glad to learn of the great success which is attending him in the

practice of his chosen profession. The editors of the SCHOLASTIC thankfully acknowledge his kind remembrance of his old college paper.

—Joseph F. Beegan, of '75, is one of the leading lawyers of Fort Wayne, Indiana. He will be a candidate before the Democratic State Convention for the nomination of Reporter of the Supreme Court. Joe merits all success, and we trust that the Convention will recognize his ability and worth, and bestow upon him the office he so well deserves.

Local Items.

- That monopolist!
- We've got a new pencil!
- Bo-log-na! pro *Maloney*!
- Science Hall is in *statu quo*.
- "Jack's" rag-baby was discovered.
- "Guy Fawkes" has appeared again.
- Nothing talked of save the examinations.
- The examinations are progressing favorably.
- Cecil declines the appellation of "ex-friend."
- An elocutionary treat will be given in a few days.
- A new arrival in the "saw mill." O ye snorers!
- The Band and Orchestra are rehearsing for the 22d.
- The Juniors enjoyed rare sport skating on Thursday.
- New fire-escapes have been placed from the dormitories.
- The Thespians have commenced rehearsing for the 22d.
- The average of each student will be published in our next issue.
- The need of the western wing was never felt more than at present.
- The Junior branch of the T. A. U. will be reorganized this evening.
- Bro. Louis evidently does not monopolize the post-office business at Notre Dame.
- An important Moot Court case causes great excitement among the Philopatrians.
- The St. Cecilians are determined to "hold their own" in the dramatic and elocutionary art.
- Secretaries of the different societies will please be more prompt in sending in their reports.
- One of the main steam-pipes burst near the kitchen last Monday morning. Coolness ensued.
- There will be a special meeting of the Guardian Angels' Society on Tuesday evening next.
- New pews have been placed in the church, and add greatly to the general beauty of the interior.
- Bro. Alfred has had his men busy at work

during the past week, partitioning rooms within the Dome.

—Prof. Gregori's new mural painting, the "Departure of Columbus," is rapidly approaching completion.

—Thursday was an electric day: there was a metallic lustre in the atmosphere. So says our astrologer.

—Applications for the second session are coming in large numbers. The problem now seems to be how to find room.

—The first edition of the *Scholastic Annual* went off like hot cakes on a frosty morning. The second edition is now ready.

—In the report of the Euglossian entertainment last week, the name of J. Rudge should have appeared instead of J. Ruppe.

—The air is now redolent of examination, and ye average Junior is tucking up his toga, preparatory to passing the Rubicon.

—To-morrow, 3d Sunday after Epiphany, *Mass* No. 3, p. 17, in the new Book. *Credo*, p. 97. *Vespers*, p. 48 in the Old Vespersal.

—Last Tuesday was the festival of our patriarch Bro. Vincent. On account of sickness, the celebration of the day was postponed.

—Lost.—A volume of "Goffine's Instructions on the Epistles and Gospels." The finder will confer a favor by leaving it in Father Maher's office.

—Several members of the Faculty attended the examinations at St. Mary's on Sunday and Thursday. They speak in the highest terms of the proficiency displayed by the young ladies.

—The Juniors have boxing gloves. Their Gymnasium is frequently the scene of some lively sparring matches, in which "Fendy" and "Mac" are by competent judges (!) pronounced the best.

—It is rumored that one of our genial Professors is negotiating about a house near the city limits. We cannot vouch for the truth of the assertion, but we are informed the house is not to let.

—We are authorized to announce that, even if "the thaw" should occur later, it would be a February thaw, and hence there need be no fear of our astrologer ever being put to the blush on account of his predictions.

—The performance by the Thespians on the 22d prox. promises to surpass anything of the kind ever witnessed at Notre Dame. Our local "stars" who were privileged to witness Irving's representation of "Louis XI" in Chicago have profited by the trip, and will present the drama in fine style.

—Harry R. Whitman has prepared for the builders a draught of the second floor of Science Hall. It is highly spoken of; the accuracy of the details and the very short time in which it was done, showing that Harry is no mean hand at architectural draughtsmanship. It is a sectional plan; one fourth of an inch to the foot.

—The great—the important question now among the Juniors is: "Who is going to get the Mason Medal?" The files of the SCHOLASTIC are overhauled, and it is reported that Masters Dexter, Hagenbarth and Cleary are in the lead, with others, not a few, in close proximity to the foregoing. May the best man win!

—At the 14th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association compositions were read by Masters R. Papin, McVeigh, Stange and Ewing. Declamations were delivered by Masters Bunker, O'Kane, Garrity, and Devereux. Master O'Kane showed a talent for elocution in his delivery of "The Blessed Virgin's Knight."

—One of the most delicate and princely gifts we have seen this year was sent to Prof. Edwards, last Wednesday, by a former pupil, Mr. C. Treanor, of South Bend. The gift was a large lot of the choicest cut flowers. Almost every variety of hot-house bloom from the royal rose to the delicate forget-me-not was represented in the collection.

—The Senior Euglossians were very pleasantly entertained by Prof. Lyons, on Tuesday evening last, in their recreation rooms. Recitations were given by Mr. D. Saviers, W. Ramsey, O. Spencer, J. Conway, and J. Hyde. Refreshments were then passed around. Bro. Paul made a few complimentary remarks, a vote of thanks was tendered Prof. Lyons, and the company dispersed, highly pleased with the evening's entertainment.

—SCENE.—Juniors' Campus on Christmas Day: snow-flakes sifting delusively through a homesick boy's vest as he stands gloomily counting cash.—Enter Senior, of appearance weedy, and actions rash, Who is very greedy to have that cash: He exclaims, in persuasive accents, "Young scion of a noble stock, cast thy glancing o'er the expanse of snow, and let it rest on that monument to Epicurean tastes! the pie store," etc. (*Exit arm in arm towards the Seniors' heaven*).

—O *Scholastic Annual* do Professor J. A. Lyons, da Universidade de Notre Dame, Ind., é ainda melhor este anno do que o foi nos anteriores, oque julgavamos uma impossibilidade. Contem, além de tabellas escrupulosamente preparadas, quasi trinta artigos interessantes, que recomendamos aos nossos leitores Inglezes. O preço é apenas de 25 cents cada exemplar franco de porte. Dirijam-se a Prof. J. A. Lyons, University Notre Dame, Ind.—O *Fornal de Noticias*.

—"Spencer" is quite a linguist—at least he is more skilled in languages than his canine companions "Dick" and "Jumbo," since he understands (as becomes a dog) Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, Polish, and several of European dialects. He is not proud, however, of his accomplishments and prefers the society of "Dick" and "Jumbo" to that of his *most* classic friends. This is his nature, and if he enjoys a well-accented *bark* better than a line from Virgil, Homer, Gæthe, Dante or Miazkiewiez, well—all right.

—In a late conversati n with Signor Gregori

one of our reporters learned that the distinguished Professor made the last portrait of Gregory XVI that was executed before that pontiff's death; and the first likeness that was made of the great Pio Nono immediately after his elevation to the chair of Peter. The Signor, while assisting at the public blessing given by the new Pope, sketched on a card concealed in his hat for that purpose, the Holy Father's countenance. Immediately after the ceremonies he returned to his studio and made a lithograph portrait of His Holiness, copies of which spread like wild-fire throughout Rome and Italy.

—Truly, this is an age of wonders! A *winter poet*, on the spring poet principle, has made his appearance. He visited our *den* last Tuesday morning with four poems on winter written in the spring poet's strain. The poor fellow was beginning the second stanza of his first poem, when he made an experiment of the "*Spring-Poet Ejector*" lately placed in the office by a kind friend. It worked surprisingly,—for, in less than two minutes, we saw pieces of the w.-p. hurriedly issuing from the lower hall-way. He soon gathered himself together, seized his torn manuscript and was last seen with his hat crushed over his ears, and a look of defiance on his countenance which "deepened as he walked apace."

—Mr. A. F. Blanchard, representing the E. T. Barnum Wire and Iron works of Detroit, has arranged with St. Mary's Academy for erecting three of their patent fire escapes, on the Academy buildings. Two of these will be erected immediately. The escapes are made entirely of iron with a balcony at each window which will hold 50 persons. The balconies are connected from story to story with iron stairs with an iron boulder and rail and are as easy of ascent or descent, as the average stairs in a house. One of these at St. Mary's will have four balconies, which will hold 200 people. The authorities at St. Mary's are to be congratulated on the precautions they have taken for the protection of their pupils, although there is little danger that these escapes will ever be needed, as the buildings are all heated by steam.—*South-Bend Tribune*.

—A regular meeting of the N. D. L. and P. S. was held Thursday evening in "*Phonography Hall*." The meeting was fraught with unusual interest. Papers were read by several members of the Society, a few only of which bore the stamp of originality and study, the rest were not worth mentioning—mere bosh! The "Humorist's" essay on the "Origin of Baked Beans" was tamely humorous, and, altogether, a readable production. The "Poet's" "Lines" were too attenuated, wanting rhyme and reason. "*Noted Phonographers*," read by the Serg't-at-Arms, was well written, well read and spoke of research and thought. The "Essayist's" essay on "Shakspeare" was a gross plagiarism from Coleridge. The writer was called to order and fined twenty-five cents, which, however, was remitted, since the paper was written in exquisite phonographic characters. The literary business be-

ing finished the committee on ice-cream submitted to the society the result of their labors for the last three weeks. The Treasurer's report was then read, and being favorable 'twas voted that the society should have an ice-cream festival not before the 20th, nor after the 30th of June, 1884. The President closed the meeting by a brief speech on "Originality and Plagiarism," although it touched on the weak points of a few members it was taken down *verbatim* by all the phonographers present.

—A late issue of the *Chicago Herald* has the following editorial regarding the predictions of our astrologer in the *Annual*:

"It is the Presidential year. The prediction of the astrologer as to the outcome, all things considered, ought to be as fairly reliable as the guess of the country editor. At 'an immense expense,' Mr. J. A. Lyons, of Notre Dame, who publishes an *Annual* and appears to be on most familiar footing with the whole round of planets, has calculated their positions at the closing of the polls of the eventful day in the ides of November. The horoscope presented is one of the finest efforts of the woodcutters' art, and quite as great an expense of time and intellectual effort as the author claims to have expended in its preparation we have employed in its perusal. The strong position of the moon, which probably means to vote its man and the whole family, repeating them audaciously, indicates, it is said, a large majority for the successful candidate. This is fortunate. It is well that the winning candidate should go in with a whoop. Unhappily for military gentlemen of vaulting ambition, the moon's opposition to Mars cuts them out. This might dispose of Arthur forever and a day if it weren't that he was only a militia General, who never set as quadron in the field nor of the division of a battle knows more than a spinster. Spinsters, by the way, though woman suffrage is not yet legal except by proxy, will exert extraordinary influence on the result, for the moon's trine with Venus (the moon is also of the gentle sex) shows that the successful man will be the ladies' candidate. It is sad news for many a fine and independent elector that as Mercury is combust of the sun in this horoscope, bribery and corruption will be of no avail. Venus will be in her own house, which 'shows activity on the part of the Ladies in behalf of the successful nominee. It will also indicate that he will be unmarried.' A sagacious chap he, for were he to unite himself with one only of these gentle and yet powerful political beavers he would indubitably alienate all the rest, making quite as much ado among these fair ones as Paris created when he threw the apple labeled for the fairest. If there is no bull in the following paragraph the portrait of the conquering hero stands revealed: 'Neptune, retrograde, ascending in Taurus, shows that the future President will be a man of grave deportment and great deliberation. He will be of the phlegmatic temperament, tall and portly (good-by, Sam'l J.), short, thick neck, light hair, blue eyes, pale complexion, agreeable manners, and somewhat subtle and crafty.' If this doesn't sufficiently fix his identity it may be more certainly ascertained because 'the position of Mars in Sagittarius indicates the possibility of a mole or red birthmark a little back of his left hip.' Gentlemen aspirants, don't be sitting down on your possible qualification for the Presidency. Stand revealed that the great office-hunting class, having seen the mark with their own eyes, may fall down and worship the coming man.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Anchondo, Ancheta, Aguilera, Baca, Bowers, Barron, Becerra, Bailey, Browne, Combe, C. Carroll, Coll, Cass, Jno. Cusack, Jos. Cusack, Conway, Coghlin, Connell, Cussen,* Delgado, De Groot, Dolan, A. Dennis, Danielson, Ewing, Feltz, Fishel, Farrell, T. Fenlon, E. Fenlon, Fitzgerald, P. Frain, J. Frain, Gonser, Goulding, Gonzalez, Geiser, Gutierrez, F. Gallagher, Howard, Helbush, Johnston, Kelly, Kolars, Kleiber, McErlaine, Ma-

hon, McKinnery, Marquez, McIntyre, T. McNamara, J. McNamara, Mahoney, G. O'Brien, Ott, O'Dea, Orchard, O'Rourke, Otis, O'Kane, O'Connell, H. Paschel, C. Paschel, Pour, Quinlan, Rudge, Ryan, Rogers, Reach, Riley, Solon, Steis, Slattery, Spangler, Scholfield, Spencer, E. Smith, Saviers, G. Smith, Tinley, Teasdale, J. Uranga, F. Uranga, Whalen, Warren.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Aikins, Arnold, Anchondo, Borgschulze, Berthelet, Barela, Brown, Baur, Breen, E. Chirhart, Courtney, Chaves, Cavaroc, Crilly, Cleary, Clarke, Costigan, Dorenberg, Dexter, C. Dennis, J. Devine, Finckh, Fehr, Fendrich, Fierro, Frain, J. Garrity, Grothaus, Hagenbarth, E. A. Howard, E. J. Howard, Hilliard, Houlihan, Halligan, Hagen, Houck, Holman, Hagerty, Jensch, P. Johnson, J. Kelly, Letcher, Loescher, Lake, Monschein, Mullane, Miller, McGill, Mahon, J. McGordon, McDonnell, Marcotte, Metz, Mug, Muhler, McCabe, O'Brien, Plischke, C. Porter, Perley, Regan, Reynolds, E. Ryan, Rogers, Stubbs, Schott, Schaefer, Stumer, Smith, Saunders, D. Taylor, Tarrant, Uranga, Wagoner, Wright, Wabraushek, Weiler, Williamson, Cohen, McCullough, Legnard, Major.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters J. Addington, H. Addington, Ackerman, Brown, Bunker, Benner, Bailey, Costigan, Cummings, Cole, Curtis, Crotty, Crawford, M. Coad, F. Coad, Devine, Dungan, Devereux, Ernest, Fitzgerald, Fulwiler, Garrity, Grunsfeld, Henry, Johns, J. Kelly, E. Kelly, Landenwich, Löwenstein, Lewis, B. Lindsey, C. Lindsey, T. McGuire, W. McGuire, Murphy, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, Morgan, McPhee, McVeigh, Morrison, A. Mullen, F. Mullen, Moe, Manzanares, Nathan, Noonan, Nusbaum, Otis, O'Connor, O'Kane, Paden, V. Papin, D. Prindiville, Quill, Studebaker, Salaman, Stange, Schmitz, Spencer, Thomas, Quinlan, Soku, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Steele, C. Tomlinson, W. Tomlinson, Uranga, Welch, West, Weston, Wright, L. Young, Krause, Boose, B. Inderrieden, C. Inderrieden, Grimes, Delaplane, Shöneman, A. Nester, F. Nester, Dirksmeier.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Latin—Messrs. Ewing, Otis, Gray, H. Porter, T. Fenlon, Johnston; Greek—Messrs. Ewing, Bailey, Otis, Mathers, W. Henry; Philosophy—T. Steele; Composition—Messrs. O'Dea, Ancheta, Whalen, Eisenhauer; Rhetoric—F. Dexter; English Literature—Messrs. Mug, C. Murdock; Criticism—W. Coghlin; Algebra—Messrs. McKinnery, Whitman, McErlain, Saviers, Mathers, Dexter, Aguilera, McDonnell, Costigan; Geometry—Messrs. Dolan, J. Smith, Coll, Browne; Trigonometry—Messrs. Jas. Heffernan, C. Murdock; Shades and Shadows—J. McIntyre; Astronomy—F. Gallagher; Mechanics—W. Johnston; Calculus—C. Kolars; Physiology—Messrs. J. Courtney, Barron, Mathers; Physics—W. Johnston; Modern History—Messrs. Halligan, Monschein, McCarthy, Saviers, Spencer, C. Murdock; Ancient History—Messrs. Dexter, Hagenbarth, McDonnell, Reach, Wilson, Farrell.

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Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—On Tuesday, the Minims enjoyed a delightful sleigh-ride.

—The written examinations are proceeding, and the warmest spirit of interest and emulation is everywhere manifested.

—The unbroken unity of the Catechism Classes on examination day is noteworthy. Not one member was in the Infirmary.

—In the First Preparatory Composition Class Miss Bessie Halsey deserves special mention for diligence, attention, and improvement.

—The Librarian acknowledges from Mother Superior the gift of two fine statues: one of the "Angel Guardian," the other of a white "metalled charger," which

"Looks as if the speed of thought were in his limbs."

—The badge for politeness in the Junior department was won by Mary Ducey. The competitors were the Misses Dillon, Chaves, Sheekey, Helen, Ella, and Sibyl Jackson, Richmond, Murphy, Fehr, McEwen, Rodden, Keyes, Shephard, K. Ducey, I. Cummings, Barth, Stumer, and Snowhook.

—The examinations in Christian Doctrine and Catechism, on Sunday, proved very satisfactory. The Graduating, First and Second Senior Classes were examined by Very Rev. Father General, the Rev. President Walsh and Father Fitte, of the University, and Rev. Father Saulnier, assisting. The second Board was presided by the Rev. Father Spillard; and the third Board by the Chaplain, Rev. Father Shortis.

—The reception of a beautiful mistletoe in full bloom, from a former dear pupil of St. Mary's, Miss Sebina Semmes, of Canton, Miss., is warmly acknowledged. Tokens of affectionate remembrances like this from pupils, are a proof that time has not been thrown away upon them. The flowers of gratitude excel all others in beauty, and the fruit of this heavenly plant will be a noble success, for time and eternity.

—Sundry peculiar measurements are being taken of the roof, etc., and upon investigation it is found that iron balconies and outside fire-escapes are to be added to the already ample precautions against disasters from fire now existing. The declaration of Mr. Sanborn, of the New York Insurance Company, that "the Academy is the most completely provided against fire of any buildings on the insurance list" will now be more than ever verified.

—Among the visitors we noticed Mrs. Martin Ryerson, Miss Lucy Stid, Mr. Beers, Mr. J. C. Smith, Mr. G. Polan, Chicago; Miss T. Carney, Marinette, Wis.; Mr. P. McHugh, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Holister, Salt Lake City, Utah Ty.; Miss Carrie Gavan, Lafayette, Ind.; Miss C. Gyer, Miss Bertha Freasdorf, Mr. and Mrs. Siler, Battle Creek, Mich.; Miss Baig,

Champaign, Ind.; Mr. Livingston, South Bend; Mrs. E. Pattison, Master C. Pattison, Dowagiac, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Badger, Arlmington, Neb.; Mr. and Mrs. Chester Badger, Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Badger, Mrs. Charles Lovais, Niles, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Dyer, Willington, Kansas.

—The Princesses are favored by permissions to visit the Pastoral residence where the awards are dispensed to them by Very Rev. Father General. Little Mary Reynolds, has been the fortunate winner of the two prizes, this week—the gold spoon, and the rich badge for politeness. The entire court of Princesses drew for the latter, but Mary Reynolds, being quite overwhelmed with the redundancy of her blushing honors, and following the promptings of her warm heart, declined the badge, in favor of Maggie Ducey. The Gold spoon was sufficient to satisfy her aspirations. All enjoyed the visit, and were well satisfied with the awards, and all were very much pleased with the generous spirit of the little ones.

—At the Semi-annual Examination in music, which began the 17th, all passed remarkably well, and great improvement is noticed. A more extended report will soon be given in the SCHOLASTIC, with the average and standing of each Class, and Bulletins with report of each study will be sent to parents at the close of the Academic Examination.

—On the 24th, the following programme was given by the 2d Class:

<i>Rigoletta</i>	<i>Foell</i>
Miss Mary Bruhn.	
Song—"Judith".....	<i>Concone</i>
Miss H. Ramsey.	
"Valse Brillante".....	<i>Chopin</i>
Miss Henrietta Keenan.	
Song—"Wild Flowers".....	<i>V. Wallace</i>
Miss M. Tynan.	
<i>Miserere "Trovatore"</i>	<i>Prudent</i>
Miss Ada Shephard.	
"Silver Spring".....	<i>Mason</i>
Miss A. Allen.	
"Capriccio Brillante".....	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
Miss M. Hunt.	
Song.....	<i>Schleiffarth</i>
Miss Bertha English.	
Ballad Opus.....	<i>Chopin</i>
Miss Emma Neu.	
Valse from Juliette.....	<i>F. Raffé</i>
Miss Belle Gove.	
Song—"Beatrice".....	<i>Concone</i>
Miss Emma Neu.	
"Mignon," <i>Fantasia</i>	<i>A. Thomas-Pease</i>
Miss Mary Cummings.	

The examinations were well attended, highly enjoyable, and reflected great credit upon the pupils.

A Tribute of Affection.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. JAMES WHITE, SPRING ARBOR, MICH., THE AFFLICTED MOTHER OF THE DEAR DEPARTED, BY THE PUPILS OF ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

[NOTE—Died, in Jackson, Mich., Nov. 21st, Mr. HENRY WHITE and EUNICE, his wife. Mrs. White, as has already been announced in the pages of the SCHOLASTIC, was a Graduate of St. Mary's in

1869. She was a most amiable and edifying Child of Mary as well as an indefatigable and earnest student; esteemed and beloved as she was, her death is deeply mourned by all. From a letter dated Dec. 30th, 1883, we quote the following: "I take the liberty to write to you concerning my dear daughter, Eunice White, of whose untimely death you have no doubt heard. Knowing her attachment to, and love for, the 'dear Sisters'—as she used to call them—I write to solicit their prayers for my beloved son and daughter, Henry White and his wife Eunice." . . . "I need not dwell on the dreadful crime which took from me a dear son and a dear daughter; but I know you will sympathize with a mother's love and a mother's loss. My darlings received Holy Communion together, two weeks before their lives were taken, and we trust that our Father in Heaven will soon admit them to His Kingdom."]

I.

From out a cloudless sky there fell
A thunderbolt from Heaven—
A happy home, all bright and fair,
By that sudden crash was riven!

II.

An hour before fond hearts beat high
To view the future blest:
Earth knows no joy, Heaven holds no grace
But in that home found rest:

III.

Wealth, culture, faith—the one true Faith:
Unerring and divine—
Reared in each heart who ruled that home
A pure and living shrine.

IV.

Our Lady's Feast—the feast of Her
"Conceived, unstained by sin,"
Had opened on the world, and shed
New bliss, without, within.

V.

And these young, faithful souls received
Beneath those kindling rays,
Our Lord, who said unto His own:
"I am with you all days."

VI.

How pure those hearts! how well prepared
For the swift approaching shock!
Although unwarned, we know their hopes
Were founded on "The Rock."

VII.

From out a cloudless sky there fell:
A thunderbolt from Heaven—
A happy home, all bright and fair,
By that sudden crash was riven!

VIII.

But the Good Shepherd watched His own—
His power outsped the blow;
The stricken Lambs lie on His breast:
Our loved are safe, we know.

IX.

What matters now the blighted home,
The crime that sealed the doom?

We heed them not: for blissfully
Above the shroud, the tomb,

X.

Faith shows "our treasures," daughter, son,
Where hearts may trust their prize,
At rest in homes, "not made with hands,
Eternal in the skies!"

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPARTMENT, AND OBSERVANCE OF RULES.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adderly, Allen, A. Babcock, Bruhn, Beal, Black, Billing, Call, Carney, Dunn, Duffield, Dowling, Fendrich, Fitzpatrick, Fogerty, Fisk, Addie Gordon, Alice Gordon, Ginz, Gove, Gavan, Gage, A. Heckard, Helpling, Hunt, Horn, B. Haney, Hetz, Johnson, Keenan, Kearns, Kearney, King, Legnard, Leahigh, Lintner, A. Murphy, M. Murphy, McCarthy, Mooney, Neu, O'Connell, A. Priestman, L. Priestman, Platte, Quill, Reilly, Ryan, Reynolds, Ramsey, Rosing, Sheridan, Sheekey, Scully, Sear, Spotwood, Todd, Tynan, Udall. 2d Tablet—Misses Campbell, Danforth, L. English, B. English, Kearsy, Papin, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

1st Tablet—Misses Bailey, Chaves, Durlacher, Dillon, M. Ducey, Fehr, Haney, H. Jackson, E. Jackson, Keyes, M. Murphy, McEwen, Richmond, Roddin, Shephard, E. Sheekey, Wolvin. 2d Tablet—Misses Best, Barth, Cummings, A. Duffield, S. Jackson, Moshier, Stumer, Van Horn.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

1st Tablet—Misses Chapin, Ducey, English, Lindsey, L. Johns, V. Johns, Murray, G. Papin, Paul, M. Reynolds, Schmauss, F. Steele, Van Fleet.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Fendrich, Todd, Johnson:

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Call, Ginz, Keenan, Duffield, Gove, Dunn, Papin, Campbell, Sheekey, Ramsey, Cummings.

2D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Heckard, Carney, L. English, M. Ducey, Danforth, Hunt, Bruhn, Williams, Helpling, Black, L. St. Clair, S. St. Clair, Munger.

3D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Duffield, O'Connell, Kearsy, Horn, Sheridan, Kearney, Dillon, Reynolds, Morrison, Keyes, Sheekey, Quill, Adderly, A. Babcock, Legnard, A. Murphy, C. Ducey, Shephard.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Kearns, Richmond, Mooney, Fehr, Wolvin, E. Jackson, Lintner, Moshier, Schmidt, Snowhook, Regan, H. Jackson, Halsey, B. English, Ryan, Allie Gordon, Addie Gordon, Bailey.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses S. Jackson, Stumer, Best, E. Roddin, Chaves, Barth, Agnes English, Leahigh, King, M. Steele, Cummings, Lord, Burgher, Dowling, Naylor, Murphy.

JUNIOR PREP.—Misses Barry, Jessie English, Murray, Ducey, Schmauss, L. Johns, F. Steele.

1ST JR. CLASS—Misses McEwen, Lindsey, M. Paul, L. Chapin.

2D JR. CLASS—Misses V. Johns, Papin, Reynolds.

GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Miss Clara Ginz.

2D DIV.—Misses Horn, Keenan, Fehr:

3D CLASS—Misses Mooney, Sheridan, Danforth, Munger, Shephard, Williams.

4TH CLASS—Misses Kearney, Lintner, L. Priestman, M. Reynolds, Wolvin, Ryan.

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L. S. & M. S. Railway.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 18, 1883, trains will leave South Bend, as follows:

GOING EAST:

2.04 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 9.22 a.m.; Cleveland, 1.57 p.m.; Buffalo, 7.36 p.m.

10.54 a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.07 p.m.; Cleveland, 9.44 p.m.; Buffalo, 3.31 a.m.

8.41 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.17 a.m.; Cleveland, 6.37 a.m.; Buffalo, 12.46 p.m.

11.53 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.12 p.m.; Cleveland, 9.42 p.m.; Buffalo, 3.31 a.m.

5.54 p.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo, 10.00 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.07 a.m.; Buffalo, 6.41 a.m.

GOING WEST:

2.04 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.56 a.m., Chicago, 5.41 a.m.

4.28 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.22 a.m., Chicago, 7.51 a.m.

7.11 a.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Laporte, 7.52 a.m., Chicago, 10.11 a.m.

1.02 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.02 p.m.; Chesterton, 2.47 p.m.; Chicago, 4.31 p.m.

4.07 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4.54 p.m.; Chicago, 7.31 p.m.

F. C. RAFF, Ticket Agt., South Bend.

J. W. CARY, Gen'l. Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

A. G. AMSDEN, Sup. W. Div., Chicago.

W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

P. P. WRIGHT, Gen'l Sup., Cleveland.

JOHN NEWELL, Gen'l M'ger, Cleveland.

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